Among the Books and Magazines

"The History of the Confederate War."

By George Cary Eggleston. Sturgis & Walton Co., of New York, publishers. $4.00 net.

It has seemed to Mr. Eggleston that the time has come when it is desirable to do what he believes he has done, to tell the story of the Confederate War, "without passion or prejudice, without fear or favor, and with no flinching from the truth, whithersoever it may lead."

The reader is informed that Mr. Eggleston "was himself a soldier in the Confederate Army from the beginning to the end of the war; that he has lived in New York for forty years since the war ended, and during that time his literary and personal association with strong men on the other side has been close and intimate, giving him opportunity to correct his own early convictions by learning how things look from other points of view, and absolutely to divest himself of all prejudices that might stand in the way of his impartiality as a historian."

Elsewhere it is asserted that Mr. Eggleston "has tried to furnish in these volumes a complete, succinct, impartial and entertaining history of the war, its causes and conduct." Just how thoroughly he has succeeded remains for the careful, thoughtful reading public, to whom the author's work is presented, to decide.

The first half of the first volume of Mr. Eggleston's work is devoted, not to an account of the war itself, but to the preceding constitutional and political history of the United States, out of which the war grew. Real, historic war interest develops in the second half with the account of the surrender of Fort Sumter, S. C., and the military operations which followed.

There is no uncertain note in what Mr. Eggleston has to say about the failure of the Confederate leaders to follow up their victory at the battle of Manassas, for he writes on page 239 of Volume I. as follows: "The historian of the Confederate War is bound to regard the failure of the Confederates to pursue their broken, fleeing and utterly disintegrated enemy into Washington during the night and next morning after the battle as one of the most stupendous blunders recorded anywhere in history." Again, on page 248, he continues: "The war in Virginia went to sleep after the battle of Manassas. The only excuse that history can find for the phenomenal failure to compel results either in July or later is the fact that Beauregard and Johnston were merely two ex-captains, who had had no experience in the command of armies or in the conduct of great campaigns."

Mr. Eggleston considers that on the Confederate side the one masterful military mind was that of Robert E. Lee. He says that Grant and Lee were destined to fight the war out to a conclusion, but that in the early days of war neither was permitted to show in action what stuff he was made of. Their experience was repeated in that of their great lieutenants, William T. Sherman being under McDowell; Stonewall Jackson, Ewell and Longstreet subordinate to Beauregard and Johnston.

Afterward, in commenting upon the situation before Shiloh, in the autumn of 1861, Mr. Eggleston speaks of Grant, who had captured Forts Henry and Donelson, and desired to move upon Nashville, "being restrained by the paralysis of Halleck's official hand from pushing the war to a possibly prompt, certain and immediate conclusion. Was there ever," he continues, "anything so absurd as this outside of comic opera—this and the extraordinary incapacity in the Confederate army and government? That was of like kind and quality."

In regard to Farragut's naval victory at New Orleans, Mr. Eggleston states that "Farragut might have carried on further operations of a similar character against other Confederate ports but for his being sent by the civilians in control of the United States Navy Department to waste time in running the batteries at Vicksburg and Port Hudson."

The order of Secretary of War Judah P. Benjamin, which led to General Loring falling back from Romney to Winchester in 1862, and to General Stonewall Jackson tendering his resignation, prompts this drastic criticism of Benjamin on the part of Mr. Eggleston: "Benjamin was so far ignorant or negligent of those forms and courtesies of military life upon which success so largely depends that he sent his order directly to Jackson, instead of sending it, as common courtesy and all military usage required, through Jackson's commander, General Johnston. This was something worse than an affront. It was an interference of ignorance with the activities of knowledge which might easily have defeated operations of the utmost importance."

On page 385 of Volume I. Mr. Eggleston, in his recount of Jackson's Valley campaign, mentions that at the battle of Winchester General Jackson captured all the Federal surgeons in charge of field hospitals there, but released them on the ground that surgeons do not make war and are not therefore subject to its pains and penalties. And he also states that it was "Dr. Hunter Holmes McGuire who first offered this suggestion in behalf of humanity, and it was Stonewall Jackson who first took the responsibility of acting upon it. To their memory history should accord honor for it."

In describing the great unnecessary loss of life in the seven days' battles around Richmond, the author makes this assertion: "The people of the United States to-day are paying princely sums as pensions to the families of those who died under Confederate surgeons' hands, simply because the laws and usages of war forbade to those surgeons the medicines necessary to their life-saving work and treated such as gunpowder and arms—contraband of war." Another very strong statement in regard to the campaign is in these words: "It seems to be certain that if Huger and Magruder had done what Lee ordered them to do, and what they might easily have done, McClellan's army must have been destroyed or captured on June 30, 1862."

General Lee's first crossing the Potomac is characterized by Mr. Eggleston as "a desperate hazard, conspicuously Napoleonic in its daring." And as to the results of the battle of Antietam, he considers that "It made a final end of the Confederate general's scheme of invasion. It baffled all of his cherished purposes and blasted his hope of winning the war by the conquest of Washington or Baltimore or both."

Of President Lincoln's proclamation of emancipation to the slaves within the Southern States, in September of 1862, Mr. Eggleston believes: "Its influence was far less marked in the United States than it would have been had Mr. Lincoln issued it earlier in the war, when he was first urged to do so. In Europe, and particularly in England, the emancipation proclamation went far to change a former friendship for the Confederacy, which at times had threatened danger, into a strong moral support for the Federal cause."

The author declares regarding Burnside's Fredericksburg campaign that: "Military critics have wondered much that Lee, whose loss in the battle had been only 5,309 men, and whose troops were almost wild with the enthusiasm of victory, permitted his badly beaten adversary to remain unmolested on the southern bank of the Rappahannock for twenty-four hours and then quietly to retire. Burnside's position and the condition of his army strongly invited attack. He had a wide and deep river behind him, with only a frail pontoon bridge spanning it. Had he been defeated there by assault on the part of the victors, there would have been no way of escape open to him. Destruction or surrender must have followed."

Mr. Eggleston is frankly outspoken in regard to Halleck's treatment of Grant, and characterizes Halleck's appointment to succeed McClellan as commander-in-chief of the Union forces in 1862 as "the most unwise appointment made on either side during the entire course of the war, unless we except Mr. Jefferson Davis's appointment of Pemberton, after he had lost Vicksburg, to the position of military adviser of himself, with apparent authority to control and command event Robert E. Lee." He says again on pages 75 and 75 of Volume II, that "Pemberton was a Pennsylvanian who had married at the South, and was a special, personal favorite of President Davis. After extraordinary demonstration of unfitness and incapacity at Vicksburg, and at a time when many at the South—though unjustly—suspected him of having deliberately betrayed their cause, Mr. Davis appointed this man to a post, an appointment so hotly resented by Lee's army that Mr. Davis wisely modified it before protest savoring of mutiny was provoked."

This verdict is passed upon the great war game played between Hooker and Lee in the Chancellorsville campaign: "Hooker had lost, by his own incapacity, a decisive opportunity to end the war with Federal success, and Lee, because of a lack of ammunition, had lost a still more obvious opportunity to end it by a decisive triumph of the Confederate arms." When Mr. Eggleston comes to the Gettysburg campaign he calls attention to the fact that "there could scarcely be a stronger contrast than that between Lee's generous refusal to have any of his lieutenants held responsible for the results of a battle which he had authority to direct, and Hooker's endeavor to shift to the shoulders of his subordinates the responsibility for his phenomenal failure at Chancellorsville. Lee was a great man; Hooker fell far short of that measure."

In describing the plan of the campaign after Grant was made commander-in-chief of the Union armies, Mr. Eggleston thinks: "If there was any error or miscalculation in General Grant's plan for the destruction of the Confederacy and the ending of the war, that error was in underestimating the tremendous fighting force of the Army of Northern Virginia under command of Robert E. Lee. Grant had never met Lee in battle, and had learned of his capacity and of the resisting power of the army under his command only by hearsay. These were so much greater than anything else of the kind that had been known in the war, that Grant's mistake, if he made any mistake, was surely pardonable."

In regard to the battle of Cold Harbor he says: "This was the most staggering blow that Grant had ever received in battle, and the news of it appalled the authorities at Washington, and greatly depressed the people throughout the North. That a little army like Lee's, reduced by this time to less than 50,000 men, seemed to those persons who do not understand the conditions of battle to indicate a lack either of commanding capacity on the part of General Grant, or of fighting capacity on the part of the army under his command."

On the affair of the Crater at Petersburg the following sentence is passed by Mr. Eggleston: "This badly managed attack well nigh rivaled the blunder at Cold Harbor in its costliness to the Army of the Potomac. Grant's loss was more than 4,000 men; Lee's less than 1,000." On page 334 of Volume II, the author says: "The hideousness of war was never better illustrated than Sherman's march to the sea from Atlanta to Savannah. An army of more than 62,000 men and sixty-five guns, perfectly equipped and utterly unopposed by any force that could even pretend to give battle to it, moved over a space of nearly 300 miles, making war only upon noncombatants and leaving a blackened path of desolation behind."

The two volumes close with a statement that "In these pages a conscientious effort has been made to tell the story of the Confederate War with the utmost impartiality and the most scrupulous regard for truth. It is now forty-five years since the war ended in the restoration of the American Union. The two great commanders, Lee and Grant, have alike been assigned to honored places in our Halls of Fame. The time has come when all Americans may fitly rejoce together in the story of the great deeds done on the one side and on the other, in that Confederate War which did so much to give to the republic its foremost place among the nations of the earth."

"Simon, the Jester."

By William J. Locke. Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg. John Lane Co., of New York. $1.50.

Imagine an Englishman, of unusual talents, ambition and class standing, a member of Parliament, a leader of his party, with the sweets of office dangling at his lips and a clever and beautiful English girl as his fiancee. And then, just when the promised happiness of his life and the success of his career seemed about to be assured, imagine this man being told by his London physicians that he was dying of an incurable disease, one that might be relieved by an operation, if an operation were not sure to prove fatal.

A blow like this, suddenly leaping from out of unexpected darkness and striking one full in the face, was apt to sweep a man from off his feet and overturn all his theories and beliefs. The man that Mr. Locke writes about, "Simon, the Jester," otherwise Simon de Gex, M. P., received his verdict or doom, went away to an obscure seaside village, had his bad hour alone and came back to resign from political parties, seek a release from his engagement, and then get through with the short span of existence remaining to him as speedily and as decently as possible.

When he informed his secretary of his intentions he did so with whimsical humor, calling his vital mischance "one of the little ironies that please the high gods so immensely." Until this crisis in his mundane affairs Simon de Gex might have been estimated as a typical English gentleman, scholar and statesman, doing the things that others of his kind had done, inspiring genuine affection and respect in the few that were most nearly associated with him, and arousing less criticism and active dislike than most politicians.

Now that his time left for amusement was so short, he considered himself free, after cutting loose his bonds and removing himself from all responsibilities that he could possible avoid, to follow the bent of his inclinations and let them lead him whither they might. He made no moan. He struck no dramatic poses, this Simon de Gex. He said as little as possible, though he gave up the pleasant paths of the world, ambition and power; though he forfeited what meant much more, the love of a true, staunch woman, into whose brave, truthful eyes he looked and looked deep at the moment of his renunciation, with a great heart-pang.

The high gods had not yet finished with their amusement at Simon's expense. To soothe the anxiety of a young friend's mother, he attempted to cure the lad of his infatuation for a circus rider and animal tamer, named Lola Vauvenarde.

To render the cure more certainly effectual Simon attempted to bring about a reconciliation between the circus rider and a husband from whom she had been estranged, a French officer of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, then in Algiers.

Simon's intentions were undoubtedly good. But the gods up on high played him scurvy tricks, and for a gentleman about to make his exit from the world, they mapped out a lurid path to light his way. For, after all, when he had resigned from Parliament, to make a place for another and younger man, one whom he considered a worthy successor of his own, when he had given away his fortune to relieve the pressing necessities of others, without relieving them; when he had involved himself unintentionally in a tragedy that linked his name with that of the circus rider and lion tamer; when life seemed ebbing and death near at hand, some French physicians took him up, performed the operation that had been pronounced impossible, the high gods smiled their final smile, and Simon on whom sentence had been passed, was cured.

It was somewhat difficult for a man who had disposed of his worldly goods and made his adieux to his little circle, to come back to life at middle age, face poverty gracefully and follow renewed lines of work and interest. But Simon de Gex did it better than most, and with many alleviations and a fair share of happiness.

Under the surface of his quips and jests there runs a very real vein of worldly wisdom and philosophy without the least flavor of bitterness. The lesson of the book is to be found in a man's casting off his jester's suit and settling down to effort in behalf of humanity, with his wife beside him. Sitting at the end of the day and looking back over the years since he "awoke from death and assumed a new avatar," Simon says of himself: "There are some who still point to me as one who has deliberately ruined a brilliant career, who pity me as one who has gone under, who speak with shrugged shoulders and uplifted eyebrows at my unfortunate marriage and my obscure and cranky occupation. The world, they say, was at my feet. So it was. But what the pitying critics lack the grace to understand is that better than to have it under one's feet is to have it, or that of it which matters, at one's heart."

"Roads of Destiny."

By O. Henry. Doubleday, Page & Co., of New York. $1.50.

With the realization in mind that the most genially humorous and the most intensely pathetic of short story writers has finished his work in the American world of letters, it seems somewhat difficult to pass anything that he has done in critical review.

But if the book in question contained none other than the name-story, which is so truly an example of O. Henry's best work in beauty of imagination, in delicate provocativeness as to its mysteries, in wonderful suggestion as to its knowledge of the world of men and women, it would still be read with tears in the eyes by the many to whom its author's name has long been one to conjure with in the world of letters.

It is much for a man who drops early out of the ranks in which he has worked so well, to leave behind him in the heart of humanity the feeling that for humanity that man did his best; that he had the power of chasing away gloom, of inspiring courage of putting tangled things straight and of telling the truth in the most convincing and attractive way. The reader of "The Roads of Destiny" will put the volume down with the realization that every word in it is not only a tribute to the powers of a master-magician in the beguilement of fancy, but a tribute to a writer who was, through what he wrote, an ethical teacher of a high order as well as the merriest, maddest romancer.

"A Life for a Life."

By Robert Herrick. The Macmillian Co., of New York. $1.50.

America at the present time offers a background for a new novel by the author of "Together," and present phases of American life serve as a basis for questions which are discussed in it. The scenes of the book transpire in a great American city, to which comes a young man from the country who is the hero of the novel. At the very outset of his introduction to city life he is brought face to face with the struggle between labor and capital, a struggle which continues throughout the book.

The heroine of the novel is the daughter of a leading city financier. She becomes a controlling influence in the life of the hero, Hugh Grant, and an inspiration for him to work up to her level financially and socially. These two people are the principal characters in the story and types of the two classes which stand in opposition.

Life in all its sordid wretchedness, stripped of its gaudy pretenses, is exploited by Mr. Herrick in "A Life for a Life." The book canvas is crowded with figures of different classes, conditions and occupations. Greed and gain become motive powers in the analysis of modern business methods, and socialistic arguments are presented with great force and cleverness. The book is in no sense of the word attractive. The sweat shop and the toilers therein have come to be recognized and acknowledged evils. But whether realistic pictures of them brought before the public through the medium of fiction will prove in the least available to lessen the evil which they depict must remain in the nature of a doubtful, not an advisable experiment.

The men who control matters in the financial world on the other hand will not have their ability to pursue their unscrupulous methods reduced by the writing of thousands of books like Mr. Herrick's recent effort. It would seem that his pen and purpose might be employed to give more pleasure and profit by a novel that does not concern itself with grave social and labor questions.

The discontent existing among laboring classes needs no flip such as "A Life for a Life" is calculated to supply, to bring about an open expression that would be anything but a cure for matters, which otherwise might work out their own improvement by the progress of civiligation and increase of humanitarianism.

O. Henry: An Appreciation.

The following "appreciation" has been sent to the literary page of The Times-Dispatch by a Virginian, who desires to express his admiration for an author whose death is felt as a personal loss in every section of the country:

"No more stories of 'The Four Million,' no more shall we hear 'The Voice of the City,' as transmitted with such accuracy and so pleasingly by one who knew its every cadence. 'The Hear of the West' no longer has a skilful physician to count its pulsations; for O. Henry has laid down his pen for the last time and passed from those scenes which he could so vividly portray, and with him has passed the most effective of short story writers of the day.

"His ready and understanding appreciation of the various types of American character, his ability to enter in their very thoughts and actions, their struggles and their pleasures, whether they moved on the wide plains of the open West, or were cooped in the furnished room in the crowded metropolis, were alike remarkable and varied. Whether he took his readers with a rapid swing over the ranch, or guided them among the glittering tables of the Broadway restaurant, he was alike at home and at his ease.

"A master of the short story in its conception and in its every detail, he was particularly happy in his climax, so skilful, in fact, that the reader, however wary he might be, was often thrown off his guard and could not foresee the finale, or if he did, there was nearly always something else which he did not foresee before the curtain went down. Ready and facile of expression, keen in his sense of humor and moving in his pathos, he appealed to the reader no matter what his frame of mind might be.

"While in 'The Gentle Grafter' and stories of that class O. Henry pictures the skilful swindler in a humorous way, and gives a taste of the barroom and sporting slang with some necessary attendant coarseness, he never stoops to the mere vulgar, and in 'The Four Million' and 'The Trimmed Lamp,' we have as clean, humorous, wholesome and cheering short tales as can be found from the peh of any writer.

"Lost, unknown and uncared-for in the great city, it has remained for O. Henry, a Southerner, to discover and learn the ways and life of the shop girl, the young artist or young actress struggling for a career and to find in this a new field for literary effort and make it his own, while the native New Yorker has allowed it to pass unnoticed before his eye.

"When Sidney Porter, a North Carolinian by birth, but better known to the reader as 'O. Henry,' passed away last week, in the forty-third year of his age, the short story lost its best exponent and the reading public a friend that it will sadly miss.

"ROBERT K. BROCK.

"Hampden-Sidney, June 9, 1916."

NO EXCITEMENT OR DISORDER

Expulsion of Jews from Kieff Is Progressing Quietly.

Washington, D. C., June 19.—Information has reached the State Department that enforcement of the order expelling Jews from Kieff, Russia, is being attended by no excitement or disorder. Many Jews, too, have been allowed to re-establish their legal right of residence in Kieff.

Simon Wolf, of this city, a member of the board of delegates of civil rights of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, is in receipt from the State Department of an official report of the situation at Kieff made by Post Wheeler, charge d'affaires of the American embassy at St. Petersburg. Following is the text of the report:

"Supplementary to recent dispatches on the subject of expulsion of Jewish families from Kieff, I have the honor to inform you that the expulsions decided upon by the commission are now being carried out, but that there is no excitement or disorder. I am informed, also, that as suggested in previous reports, a considerable number have been allowed, by renewing their guild certificates, to re-establish their legal right of residence.

"The population of Kieff, taking into account the city's phenomenal growth during the past few years, must be reckoned at approximately 500,000, of which number more than 70,000 are Jews. From this it will appear that the proportion of those finally expelled, compared with the entire Jewish population, is not as large as foreign accounts would seeem to have implied."